

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

☒ Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

☐ Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

☐ Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

☐ Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

☐ Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

☒ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

☐ Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>									

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

☐ Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

☐ Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

☐ Pages detached/
Pages détachées

☒ Showthrough/
Transparence

☐ Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

☐ Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

☐ Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

☐ Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

☐ Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

☐ Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

907

HYMNS

FOR

MISSIONS,
RETREATS



THE FRANCISCAN FATHERS

964, DORCHESTER ST. WEST., MONTREAL.

5

HYMNS
FOR
MISSIONS,
RETREATS



THE FRANCISCAN FATHERS

964, DORCHESTER ST. WEST., MONTREAL.

BV 360

H95

Imprimatur :

FR. COLUMBANUS-MARIA

Quebec, July 6, 1907.

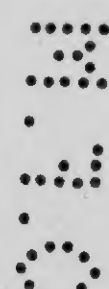
MIN. PROV.




Imprimatur :

† PAUL, ARCH. OF MONTREAL.

July 6, 1907.



COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR

rov. 
Come Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
And in our hearts take up Thy rest;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

O Comforter, to Thee we cry;
Thou heavenly Gift of God Most High;
Thou Fount of life and Fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above.

3

O Holy Ghost, thro' Thee alone,
Know we the Father and the Son:
Be this our never-changing creed,
That Thou dost from them both proceed.

4

Praise we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit with them One;
And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

O SACRED HEART THAT ON THE CROSS

I

O Sacred Heart that on the Cross
Gave up Thy latest breath for me;
This hour of song and sacrifice,
With willing mind I give to Thee.

Chorus.

O Sacred Heart, sweet Sacred Heart,
Shrine of our faith, temple of love.
O Sacred Heart, sweet Sacred Heart,
Bring us to Thee in heav'n above.

2

From Bethlehem to Calvary's hour.
Thy beatings were for me alone;
Yet have I scorned its gentle power,
For all Thy many favours shown.

Chorus.

3

With deep resolve I turn to Thee,
And pardon ask for every sin;
My heart henceforth shall beat with
Thine,
Nor let the slightest evil in.

Chorus.

O give me grace to do Thy will,
And keep my soul from every stain;
That when my last sad hour has come,
I may not look to Thee in vain.

Chorus.

TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING.

To Jesus' Heart, all burning,
With fervent love for men,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise the joyful strain.

CHORUS.

While ages course along,
Blest be with loudest song
The Sacred Heart of Jesus
By every heart and tongue.

O Heart for me on fire,
With love no man can speak,
My yet untold desire,
God gives me for Thy sake.

Chorus.

3

Too true I have forsaken
Thy love by wilful sin;
Yet now let me be taken
Back by Thy grace again.

Chorus.

4

As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.

Chorus.

5

O that to me were given
The pinions of a dove,
I'd speed aloft to heaven
My Jesus' love to prove.

Chorus.

6

When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done,
Still Sacred Heart, in dying,
I'll say I'm all Thine own.

Chorus.

JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY
ALL.

I

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all !
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought ?

CHORUS.

Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

2

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
O with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing !

Chorus.

3

O see ! within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing, infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee !

Chorus.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all
O mystery of love divine !—
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art are mine !

Chorus.

...

5.

Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye Angels, to our aid,
'Tis God ! 'tis God ! the very God,
Whose pow'r both man and angels
made !

Chorus.

...

...

JESUS, SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.

...

1.

Jesus ! Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy refuge fly,
While the nearer waters roll ;
While the tempest still is nigh.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into Thy haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

CHORUS.

Jesus ! Saviour of my Soul,
Let me to Thy refuge fly ;
Ave, Ave, Jesus mild,
Deign to hear Thy lowly child.



Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and strengthen me.
All my trust in Thee is staved,
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Chorus.

AS THE DEWY SHADES OF
EVEN.



As the dewy shades of even,
Gather o'er the balmy air,
Listen gentle Queen of Heaven,
Listen to my vesper prayer.

CHORUS.

Holy Mother, near me hover,
Free my thoughts from aught defiled
With Thy wings of mercy cover,
Save from harm thy helpless child.

2

Thine own sinless heart was broken,
Sorrow's sword had pierced its core;
Holy Mother, by that token,
Now thy pity I implore.

Chorus.

3

Queen of Heaven, guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair,
In thy tender bosom hide me,
Take me, Mother, to thy care.

Chorus.

4

Mother of my Infant Saviour,
Spouse of God, my plaint O hear;
Purest Virgin, Gracious Matron,
O relieve me by thy prayer.

Chorus.

From thy happy seat in Zion,
Light me through this dark abode,
Smile, oh ! gently smile upon me,
Tell my sorrows to my God.

Chorus.

THIS IS THE IMAGE OF OUR
QUEEN.

I

This is the image of Our Queen,
Who reigns in bliss above.
Of her who is the hope of men,
Whom men and angels love !

CHORUS.

Most holy Mary at thy feet,
I bend a suppliant knee;
*In all my sorrows and my cares,
Pray thou to God ! for me.

**During May :*

In this thine own sweet month of May.

2

The sacred homage that we pay,
To Mary's image here,
To Mary's self, then on to God
Ascends the starry sphere.

Chorus.

3

Sweet are the flowers we have cull'd,
This image to adorn;
But sweeter far is Mary's self,
That rose without a thorn.

Chorus.

4

O Lady, by the stars that make,
A glory round thy head;
And by thy pure uplifted hands,
That for thy children plead,

CHORUS (of last verse).

When at the judgment seat I stand
And my dread Saviour see;
When hell is raging for my soul,
Pray thou to God for me.

MOTHER DEAREST, MOTHER
FAIREST.

I

Mother dearest, mother fairest,
Help of all who call on thee,
Virgin purest, brightest, rarest,
Help us, help, we cry to thee,

CHORUS.

Mary, help us, help we pray,
Mary, help us, help we pray,
Help us in all care and sorrow;
Mary, help us, help we pray.

2

Lady, help in pain and sorrow,
Soothe those rack'd on beds of pain,
May the golden light of morrow,
Bring them health and joy again.

Chorus.

3

Help our priests, our virgins holy,
Help our Pope, long may he reign,
Pray that we who sing thy praises,
May in heav'n all meet again.

Chorus.

LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY.

I

Look down, O Mother Mary,
From thy bright throne above,
Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love.
And if a heart so tender,
With pity flows not o'er,
Then turn away, O Mother,
And look on us no more.

Repeat: Look down.

2

See how ingrate and guilty,
We stand before thy Son;
His loving heart reproaches
The evil we have done.
But if thou wilt appease Him,
Speak for us but one word;
Thou only canst obtain us
The pardon of our Lord.

Chorus.

3

O Mary, dearest Mother,
If thou wouldst have us live,
Say that we are thy children,
And Jesus will forgive.

RY.

Our sins make us unworthy
That title still to bear;
But thou art still our Mother,
Then show a Mother's care.

Chorus.

4

un.

Open to us thy mantle,
There stay we without fear;
What evil can befall us,
If, Mother, thou art near?
Oh, sweetest, dearest Mother,
Thy sinful children save;
Look down on us with pity,
Who thy protection crave.

Chorus.

GOD OF MERCY AND COMPAS- SION.

I

as.

God of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity upon me.
Father, let me call Thee Father,
'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy;
Let me not implore in vain;
All my sins—I now detest them,
Never will I sin again.

2

By my sins I have deserved
Death and endless misery,
Hell with all its pains and torments,
And for all eternity.

Chorus.

3

By my sins I have abandon'd
Right and claim to Heaven above,
Where the saints rejoice for ever
In a boundless sea of love.

Chorus.

4

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
On the Cross of Calvary,
To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.

JESUS MY GOD.

1

Jesus, my God, behold at length the time,
When I resolve, to turn away from crime.

CHORUS.

O Pardon me Jesus,
Thy mercy I implore,
I will never more offend Thee;
O Pardon me, Jesus;
Thy mercy I implore,
I will never more offend Thee;
No, never more.

2

Since my poor soul, Thy precious blood
hath cost,
Suffer me not, forever to be lost.

Chorus.

3

Kneeling, in tears behold me at Thy feet
Like Magdalen, forgiveness I entreat.

Chorus.

O PARADISE !

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest.

CHORUS.

Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
Wherefore doth death delay ?
Bright death that is the welcome dawn,
Of our eternal day.

Chorus.

3

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
'Tis weary waiting here
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.

Chorus.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I want to sin no more !
I want 'to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

Chorus.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I feel 'twill not be long ;
Patience ! I almost think I hear,
Faint fragments of thy song.

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY
NAME.

Holy God, we praise Thy name !
Lord of all, we bow before Thee ?
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in Heaven above adore Thee :
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

2

Thou art King of Glory, Christ !
Son of God, yet born of Mary ;
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary ;
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast open'd Heaven to Faith.

3

From Thy high celestial home,
Judge of all again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come
On the dreadful Doomsday morning,
When Thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled dead come forth.

4

Spare Thy people, Lord ! we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded :
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded :
Lo ! I put my trust in Thee ;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE.

I

Sweet Sacrament divine !
Hid in Thine earthly home,
Lo ! round Thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come ;
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise,
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament divine !

2

Sweet Sacrament of Peace !
Dear home of every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart ;
There in Thine ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of Peace !

3

Sweet Sacrament of Rest !
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within Thy shelter blest,
Soon may we reach the shore,
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save lest we sink beneath the waves,
Sweet Sacrament of Rest !

4

Sweet Sacrament divine !
Earth's Light and Jubilee..
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy Godhead's Majesty :
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray,
That earthly joys may fade away,
Sweet Sacrament divine !

AT THE COMMUNION.

I

O Lord I am not worthy
That Thou should'st come to me,
But speak the words of comfort,
My spirit heal'd shall be.

2

And humbly I'll receive Thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve Thee
Or fly Thy sweet control.

GOD BLESS OUR POPE.

I

FULL in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostles' crowning dome,
From pilgrim's lips that kiss the ground
Breathes in all tongues one only sound—
“God bless our Pope, the great, the
good.”

2

The golden roof, the marble walls.
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redoubles, till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills,
“God bless our Pope, the great, the
good.”

3

Then surging through each hallowed
gate,
Where martyrs glory in peace await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps, across the main.
“God bless our Pope, the great, the
good.”

4

From torrid South to frozen North,
That wave harmonious stretches forth,
Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's
Than rings within our hearts and homes.
"God bless our Pope, the great, the
good."

5

For, like the sparks of unseen fire
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to
heart
These words of countless children dart.
"God bless our Pope, the great, the
good."

HYMN TO ST. FRANCIS.

I

BLESSED FRANCIS, holy father,
Now our hearts to thee we raise,
As we gather round thine altar,
Pouring forth our hymn of praise.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
Who thy mighty help implore,
For in Heaven thou remainest
Still the father of the poor.

2

By thy love so deep and burning,
For thy Saviour Crucified;
By the tokens which He gave thee
On thy hands, and feet, and side;
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
With those wounded hands of thine,
From thy glorious throne in Heaven,
Where resplendently they shine.

3

Humble follower of Jesus,
Likened to Him in thy birth,
From thy tender youth despising,
For his sake, the goods of earth,
Make us love the priceless virtue
By our hidden God esteemed;
Make it valued, holy Francis,
By the souls of the redeemed.

4

In thine own belov'd Assisi
Thou didst stir men's hearts to love,
Teaching them that holy penance
Was the road to Heaven above.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
Who thy mighty help implore
For in Heaven thou remainest
Still the father of the poor.

Teach us also, dear Saint Francis,
How to mourn for every sin;
May we walk in thy dear footsteps
Till the crown of life we win.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
With those wounded hands of thine,
From thy glorious throne in Heaven,
Where resplendently they shine.

HYMN TO ST. FRANCIS.

I

High amid the choirs of light,
Where the highest seraphs soar,
There the blessed Francis stands,
Loving Jesus evermore.
Now no more shall earthly grief
Dim his eyes with painful tears;
Now no more his spirit sink
'Neath the weight of earthly fears.

Ora pro nobis.
Sancte Pater Francisce,

2

Saintly Father ! we before thee
Wait, imploring, for thy prayers.
Saintly Father ! O remember
Those who struggle 'mid earth's cares.
Thou hast fought and thou hast conquered,
But for us the strife remains,
Speed then, gentle Saint, to help us,
Lest we sink beneath our pains.

Sancte Pater Francisce,
Ora pro nobis.

3

By our blessed Mother Mary,
By her heart so dear to thine :
Holy Father, hear our pleading,
To thy children's prayer incline.
O thrice happy ! O thrice blessed !
Dearest Father, pray for me,
That at least in heart and spirit,
I Christ's wounds may bear like thee.

Sancte Pater Francisce,
Ora pro nobis.

HYMN TO ST. ANTONY.

I

Loving Saint ! whose sweet endeavour
Souls to comfort tendeth ever,
Antony, our prayer was never
 Made to thee in vain.

Saint of pure and gracious spirit,
By the power thou didst inherit
From Christ's love for all thy merit,
 Thy blest care we claim !

2

From earth's joys and honours flying
Thou didst seek the mystic dying
Of a cloistered home, relying
 On a love divine.

By thy self-denial untiring,
By thy prayer's ceaseless aspiring,
By thy virtue all-inspiring,
 To our prayers incline.

3

Child of Francis, thou hast striven
For the cause of God and heaven.
Nobly was thy life's strength given
 Sinners to recall.

* Repeat last line.

Great Apostle, ever leading
Souls to Jesus by thy pleading,
Help us by thine interceeding,
Hear us when we call.

Flower of Chastity, whose fairest
Token lily-bud thou bearest,
Thine 'twas—of all gifts the rarest—
Jesus to embrace.
By thy virtue's winning splendour
In our trials be our defender,
Living, dying, to us tender
Christ's all saving grace.

SAINT ANTONY, OUR FATHER
DEAR !

Saint Antony, our father dear !
We meet around thy feet once more
Thy wondrous praises to proclaim,
And make them sound from shore to
shore.

CHORUS.

Saint Antony, O hear our prayer,
Thy loving children ask thy care.

2

Oh, ye who for great wonders seek,
Go visit once his sacred shrine;
Ah! there you'll hear that even death
Has yielded to his power sublime.

Chorus.

3

Before his wisdom's wondrous rays
Dark error takes its rapid flight;
The demons even cannot bear
The star-light gleam of his chaste
light.

Chorus.

4

The raging sea obeys his voice,
And from the shore doth quickly fly!
For health, things lost, and liberty,
Both old and young to him do cry!

Chorus.

O ANTONY! O DEAREST SAINT!

I

O Antony! O dearest Saint!
Look down upon thy child,
Who here on earth is weak and faint,
And wants thee for his guide.

2

The purity and love divine
That glowed within thy breast,
Made thee e'en here on earth to spend
Moments for ever blest.

3

O! happy moments ever blest,
When Jesus, Infant dear,
With brightness known to thee the best,
So often did appear.

4

With joy thy heart did overflow
Enraptured with amaze,
When Jesus offered thee to kiss
His beautiful bright face.

5

Thy heart aglow with purest flames,
From sin was always free,
Teach me, then, here, O loving Saint,
All pure like thee to be.

ST. ANTONY WE PRAISE THEE.

CHORUS.

Saint Antony we praise thee
And sing thy wondrous power,
Oh ! never fail to aid us
In every needy hour.

1

Thine aid canst thou refuse us
With Jesus in thy arms
And all thy love o'erflowing
Upon his Infant charms.

Chorus.

2

St. Antony, oh ! teach us
Thy ardent zeal and love,
That raise the heart's affections
All earthly things above.

Chorus.

3

Let love of Jesus only,
Our aspirations fill,
Be it our truest pleasure
To do His holy will.

Chorus.

HYMN TO ST. PATRICK.

I

Glorious Patrick ! by Christ's Vicar
Sent to spread the Gospel light ;
Thou with many toils and labours
Ledst us forth from error's night.

CHORUS.

Holy Patron, great Apostle
Of our nation and our race,
Bless thy children ever faithful ;
Bless our home and native place.

II

Faith, our glory, is still living
After fourteen hundred years ;
Patrick's faith we always clung to
Now in smiles and now in tears.

Chorus.

3

At thy words from Erin's meadows
Reptiles curs'd fled in dismay :
Drive for ever tempting error
From thy children's path away,

Chorus.

4

Loving shepherd, keep united
Thy own flock so dearly bought;
Make us by a life of virtue,
Love our Country as we ought.

Chorus.

5

Patrick, Ireland, Rome, and Mary,
Ever be our pride and love;
Till the last of Celtic races
Joins his kin in heaven above.

Chorus.

HYMN TO ST. LOUIS.

I

Hail, glorious Saint! our Patron dear!
We come to praise thy gracious name;
Saint Louis! deign our voice to hear,
Thy prayers we seek—thine aid we
claim.
No crown with earthly jewels bright,
Circles around thy saintly brow:
With rays of everlasting light
The King of kings hath crown'd thee
now.

2

A saint wert thou upon a throne;
Amid the pomp and cares of state,
Thy heart was fixed on God alone
With faith and love inviolate.
Among incessant toils of life
Our lot, dear Saint, is cast like thine;
O help us in our daily strife!
Who crave thy patronage benign.

3

Sin thou did'st fear as worse than death,
(Thy mother's lesson to her child :)
Preserving till thy latest breath
Thy robe baptismal undefiled.
O Saint most pure, for us obtain
Our sins by penance to efface;
Keep soul and body free from stain
By strict fidelity to grace.

4

Perfect as father, spouse, and son,
Our God hath set thee forth to shew,
The crown of justice may be won
In every calling, high or low.
Teach us, dear Saint, like thee to prove,
Saints in the world—and so become
A guide and help to those we love,
And sanctify the life of home.

5

True child of Francis stigmatised !
Christ's passion was thy constant
theme,
His thorny crown more dearly prized
Than royal diadem supreme.
Noblest of heroes ! for the cross
Thine arms in battle didst thou wield ;
For Christ enduring every loss,
Then, for Him, dying on the field.

6

The world, the flesh, the enemy
Beset our path on every side ;
Aid us to fight—and bear with thee
The standard of Christ crucified.
Blest son of Francis ! be thou nigh
Throughout our life-long war with sin,
Like thee—victorious may we die,
With thee—a crown of glory win !

SAINT ELIZABETH, QUEEN SO
BENIGN.

I

Queen so benign, humility's fair flower,
Elizabeth, now hear our prayer :
Sweet is thy love, and strong thy
heavenly power,
Then keep us always in thy care.

CHORUS.

Mother so holy, Saint meek and lowly,
With lips and hearts we honour thee
Mother so holy, Saint meek and lowly,
Keep us from every danger free.

II

Oft to thy lips was held the cup of
sorrow ;
Oft trod thy feet in ways of pain ;
Thus did thy soul its heavenly graces
borrow,
And its rare crown of blessings gain.
• Chorus.

3

Too meek thy soul for robes of royal
beauty,
For worldly pomp and pleasures gay :
Before the cross thou found'st a nobler
duty,
There changed for serge thy rich
array.

Chorus.

4

By that sweet flower between thy sacred
fingers,
Which Heaven gave—a token fair ;
Teach us the truth which in its story
lingers,
For suff'ring souls with loving zeal
to care.

Chorus.

5

O in this life, dear Saint protect and
guide us.
From thy safe home beyond the skies ;
And in that hour when Death shall stand
beside us,
May thy hand close our weary eyes.

Chorus.

HAIL ANNA ! THRONED IN LIGHT.

I

Hail Anna ! throned in light above,
To God and all His creatures dear !
Whene'er we name thy gracious name,
Jesus and Mary seem more near.

CHORUS.

Raise, Anna, raise thy pleading voice,
And bid our sorrowing souls rejoice ;
At Jesus' feet our suppliant be !
Mother of Mary pray for me.

Chorus.

2

How great thy joy at Mary's birth,
No more to mourn disconsolate !
While angels hailed thee in their hymns,
Mother of the Immaculate !

Chorus.

3

'Twas thine her earliest speech to form,
And hear, while bending on thy knee,
God's Mother lisp the name of God,
And call on Him who was to be.

Chorus.

4

In rapture up the Temple steps,
While love and awe thy spirit stirred,
Thou saw'st thy wondrous child ascend,
Herself the Temple of the Word,

Chorus.

5

'Dear Saint! thy life is lonely now,
The light that lit thy home is gone;
But still, in sorrow and in joy,
The Mother and the Child are one.

Chorus.

6

In mystic sympathy divine
Thy loved one's heart and thine are
bound;
Like harps attuned to heavenly strains,
Whose tones in unison resound.

Chorus.

7

Oh! by that first Magnificat!
By Bethlehem's midnight burst of
Light!
By Egypt, and the wilderness,
And the long anguish of the Flight!

Chorus.

By those thy love held dear below,
Who now are with thee where thou
art;

By Joseph, and by Joachim,
By Mary, and the Sacred Heart !

Chorus.

PILGRIM'S HYMN TO SAINT ANNE.

I

To kneel at thine altar, in faith we draw
near,
Led onward by Mary, thy daughter so
dear.

CHORUS.

O Good Saint Anne ! we call on thy name,
Thy praises loud we fondly proclaim.

2

Of old when our fathers touched Cana-
da's shore,
They named thee its Patron and Saint
evermore.

Chorus.

3

To all who invoke thee thou lendest an
ear,
Thou soothest the sorrows of all who
draw near.

Chorus.

4

Saint Anne we implore thee to list to our
prayer.
In time of temptation, take us in thy
care.

Chorus.

5

Guard us in thy mercy and save us
from harm,
Our suff'rings assuage, and all evil
disarm.

Chorus.

6

Dear Patron, Dear Mother; wherever
thou art,
Joy reigns in the household, and peace
in the heart.

Chorus.

7

We pray for all sinners and souls that
now stray

From Jesus' own true fold in heresy's
way.

Chorus.

8

For poor, sick, afflicted, thy help we
implore
Relieve them and bless them, their lost
joy restore.

Chorus.

9

O bless us, dear Lady, with blessings
from heaven
And to our petitions let answer be given.

Chorus.

10

In this life obtain for us that which is
best,
And bring us at length to our heavenly
rest.

O SALUTARIS.

I

O Salutaris Hostia,
Quæ cœli pandis ostium;
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

■
Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria;
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

ST. ANTONY'S FAVOURITE HYMN
TO OUR LADY.

1

O gloriosa Virginum,
Sublimis inter sidera,
Qui te creavit, parvulum
Lactente nutris ubere.

■

Quod Heva tristis abstulit,
Tu reddis almo germine:
Intrent ut astra flebiles,
Cœli recludis cardines.

3

Tu Regis alti janua,
Et aula lucis fulgida:
Vitam datam per Virginem,
Gentes redemptæ, plaudite.

Jesu tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

v. Ora pro nobis sancta Dei Genetrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus
Christi.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM.

Sub tuum præsidium confugimus,
Sancta Dei Genetrix, nostras depreca-
tiones ne despicias in necessitatibus nos-
tris, sed a periculis cunctis libera nos,
semper Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

ANTIPHON TO ST. FRANCIS.

Salve Sancte Pater, patriæ lux, forma
minorum, virtutis speculum, recti via,
regula morum, carnis ab exilio duc nos
ad regna polorum.

v. Signasti, Domine, servum tuum
Franciscum.

R. Signis redemptionis nostræ.

TANTUM ERGO.

I

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

2

Genitori, Genitoque,
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

v. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis, (T. P.) Alleluia.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem. (T. P.) Alleluia.

LAUDATE DOMINUM. PSALM CXVI.

I

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes : Lau-
date eum, omnes po-pu-li

2

Quoniam confirmata est super nos mise-
ri-cor-dia ejus : et veritas Domini
manet in æ-ter-num.

3

Gloria Patri et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

4

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper
et in sæcula secu-lo-rum. Amen.

(T.

ben.

AVE MARIS STELLA.

Ave Maris Stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cœli porta.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hœvæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cœcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mjtes fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritus sancto,
Tribus honor unus.

Amen.

COME, O CREATOR SPIRIT.

1

Come, O Creator Spirit blest !
And in our souls take up Thy rest ;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly
aid
To fill the hearts which Thou hast
made.

2

Great Paraclete ! to Thee we cry,
O highest gift of God most high !
O Fount of Life ! O Fire of Love !
And sweet anointing from above !

3

Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with
love ;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

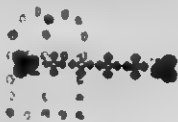
4

Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead ;

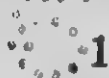
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

5

All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death, the same to Thee
O Holy Ghost, eternally.



TO THEE, O HEART OF JESUS.



To Thee, O Heart of Jesus
To Thee our hearts we give.
Help, help us all to love Thee
And serve Thee while we live.
Yes, yes, till life is o'er,
And then forever more,
O Sacred Heart of Jesus
We'll love Thee and adore.



No heart can be so tender,
No heart can love like Thee.

Thy life-blood all, O Jesus
Was shed to set us free.
Yes, yes, till life is o'er &c

3

Ah ! hard our hearts and cruel,
If Thee we do not love,
Who from Thy throne descendest
To draw our hearts above.
Yes, yes, till life is o'er &c

4

For us Thy life of labour,
For us Thy death of pain,
For us in guise so lowly
Thou dost on earth remain.
Yes, yes, till life is o'er &c

5

Alas ! too long with coldness
This yearning love we pay,
But now O Heart of Jesus !
Our hearts are Thine for aye.
Yes, yes, till life is o'er

A MESSAGE

I

A message from the Sacred Heart !
What may Its message be ?
“My child, my child, give me thy
heart
My Heart has bled for thee.”
This is the message Jesus sends
To my poor heart to-day,
And from His throne in Heaven He
bends
To hear what I shall say.

2

A message to the Sacred Heart !
Oh ! bear it back with speed :
“Come, Jesus, reign within my
heart
Thy Heart is all I need.”
This prayer I'll pray while here I
pine,
From Heaven and Thee apart
Nor cease, dear Lord, till I am Thine
For ever, heart to heart.

BY THE BLOOD THAT FLOWED

By the Blood that flowed from Thee
In Thy bitter agony,
By the scourge so meekly borne,
By Thy purple robe of scorn.

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry ;
Thou wert suffering once as we :
Hear the loving litany
We thy children sing to Thee

2

By the thorns that crowned Thy head
By thy sceptre of a reed
By thy footstep faint and slow
Weighed beneath thy cross of woe.
Jesu, Saviour, &c.

3

By the nails and pointed spear,
By thy people's cruel jeer,
By Thy dying prayer which rose
Begging mercy for Thy foes.

Jesu, Saviour &c.

4

By Thy weeping Mother's woe,

By the sword that pierced her through
When, in anguish standing by,
On the cross she saw Thee die.

Jesu, Saviour, &c.

BLEST IS THE FAITH

1

Blest is the Faith, divine and strong,
Of Thanks and praise an endless
fountain

Whose life is one perpetual song,
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.
Oh, Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden ;
Hark ! how the harps of angels ring.
Hail, Son of Man ! Hail, Mother-maid-
en !

2

Blest is the Hope that holds to God
In doubt and darkness still unshaken,
And sings along the heavenly road
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.
Oh, Sion's songs &c.

strong,
endless
mountain

3

tain.
g,
;
ring.
maid-
en !

God
ken,
d
ken.

1

Hark, hark, my souls, angelic songs
are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore ;
How sweet the truth those blessed
strains are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 Sweet angel voices singing through the night
 To welcome pilgrims to the Land of Light.
 Onward we go: for still we hear them singing
 Come weary souls: for Jesus bids you come:
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

3

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.